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Twelfth Episode-The Spirit of the Marsh,

CHAPTER L

PTEAM yawi, with black emoke courted from her storegipe. plainty stepped for cherning halfway across New York bay startual paterners a long novel. woman with high arched brown, recogregular newwent her

Turn around quick?" the woman ordeed as the first uniterboat bore down. street. and also invited a cinder from her heady syn. "Here comes the risawas"

The turning her new, ma'km," reperiod a short, thirt individual whose pound face was upo consecutive "Den't you hear our engines" somplign-

There she goes!" screached Honoria Siye as the long, narrow steel gray boar fosted part, hearing, healdes its dever, a besuiful young girl in a writing ensume, producted as much as possible from the fixing spray in the arm of a tall many with a soft felt hat and a leasety lipetted cravat.

Why, she had with my brokend?" ented Bouncie Styre.

Now, confound Bill Wolf, putting a fresh topodays on his revent force as the states latin morks rolled down; Ille purplestly rienzed. Harspiel the second host. "There he

a little Toulyke, whose whole attennon was fixed on the besutiful girl in | Nah! The meter was cold! the forward less. "Guly?" The dark,



Ned Warner Gritted His Teeth and cost.

Mgett' also sinteless, they also withred to this Work. "Why don't you sum this Native fortiling, live/bold," physicisted

Bill West, to-leasy assistance to all the

The Mont tent shot past, drives by they went to the police station.

I a the contore who certapped as broken! skricked Bounts. "He tree with valleger the night be took his

The most of the removar bridge." Whilliad the lastly famous detective.

"Nel Wirtser, the descried group! Simulated Honorta Blye as the fifth: heat daried past. Ned held bigorulars In his eyes, and they were formed al-Strictly on beautiful June Warner In the arm of the artist and upon the sely puryting fillbert Hige. With Max were a plemp and placid small creates in his boow, and a generously plomp young woman, who was half

"We're turned, ma'am," said Bill Walt, clustering Honorta Riye by the Show. "Ivo't you see the Federal

On the dock there stood a watchmen who equalsted of an overcent and cap. and whently, mentionlessly hour by hour between aborder pointed, steel gray. dished up, and from it the artist quickof lifted beautiful June Warner. The eventual and cup moved not a muscle, but from far off Ned Warner, in the him home of that atrange regatts. through his powerful binoculars saw that hading, saw June citing to her liewly found protector, saw, from the hend of the mond, that the artist's eyes Norw filled with appreciation for the emity of the fair little runaway bride. Straight up the dock they ran to the treet and hailed a passing taxt and

whittled away. A keen little racer deshed up, sprayng the water to a giltering transluremi sheet as it curved into the slip

Edwards climb clumsly upon the dock

and strapp his foot. A third boat, a trim, little little cut From it sersubled the white musrached Orto Cusninghom. Through his powerful binoculars Ned Warner saus Complexisting too, give way to a fit of abed through a waship jointed tale. Fury, and Ned finally gritted his teeth with his pajamas buttoned inside his wage the leaders to a procession of and climched his flets as he saw these cost and the current slippers on his the spenty meteriories which swept scoundrelly pursuers of his lovely bride feet. Button after button the binck mee no the dock. They halled a pase Vandrked man pushed, and one after ing taxi and whirled away up she another slient, stealthly meving, non-

feur with a tiny musinche and a stiff und departed. omen with high cheek hones, who bent and unbent prinfully as she was mottle faced desk rergeant with a pulled to the dock.

"Her!" The overcost and cap at last

You're pinched! Pinched, monstear? Impossible." protested Heart in astonishment. "For what is it that we are pinched? Behold

started to run away.

and, lengthing gayly, sprinted after finished Marie of a warehouse, stood a touring our. As sergeant. overcost and cap, blowing a shell cap. "timent" arranged the waman as which had in it all the grace and gal- knows Officer Dowd on the east side the ascend tout shot by, driven by a lantry which could have been display and Meran and O'Toole and that burry man with a round head and ed had he used much more time Heart | bunch. this lidded eyes and carrying as its assisted Marie to her seat. He sprang "Oh!". The information seemed to passenger a deck, bundsome man with | in beside ber. He inserted his key. He | have some weight. The officer raised pressed the starting button. Silence! fractly from his wide chair and

the shoulder. A policeman had strived, was knotted into what seemed per-

bear we have "-"flowd?" repeated the solema police-

much, shaking his freed. "Do you know Officer Moran?"

"Can't say sa I know Mexa."

"O'Toole? O'Toole? Enst side?"

We note the best yes but you will In the dutury case and white drawing

and overeint.

uniple of blocks." Walter excisioned Heart in auton-

engineer. "Nearly you hear the segment beliment. "Never!" He rushed to the Ned's detective force, and Ned nodded. front of his car and eranked it. Off "We'll take him,"

CHAPTER IL FURTIVE eyed butter with a young face on the withered and stroped body of an old made defaulted the renaway all, and then the cample sight of the beids and her secont into a magnifioccupate in the fourth best, a little cent studio hung with rare tapestries, inflow with blazing eyes and the embellished with exquirite paintings, those of mouta-to- and a stiff woman, fitted with quaint furniture and objects of art from all over the world. And here June Warner was introduced by Artist Durbon to his wife, a bright eyed woman; of great charm-

"The Spirit of the Marshes," laughed Durban, and it was with a professional eye that he this time surveyed the beautiful girl. "It was an ulterly impessible adventure, my dear." He stood before an elaborately carved Florentine table, while the ladles sat in the ingienous, in the flare of the grateful fire. His eyes still glowed with the excitement of the morning. and he laughed. "First time I've had a chance to use the revolvers you make me carry when I go out for the marsh suprise. I was busy sketching. trying to catch that wonderful scarlet of the sun and the mist-you know, my dear-when suddenly I heard a piercing scream. It could come but

A real adventure! I folded my easel. drew my revolvers and told Jimmy to push through the reeds for life or there were shricks upon shricks in a young girl's voice, then shots, one aft- drawing room, surrounded by their er another: Wenderful." He shook beck his long hair and laughed, and his wife paled. June trembled and grew faint with the memory of it, and her eyes distended with a recurrence st her terror. "As we burst through | eager Cunningham, the confident Blye, the tall marsh rushes I saw on the is | the impatient Edwards. At last one of hand this beautiful creature held by the men brought in a fellow who bore a gigantic murderer. A woman with a a young face on the stooped and withbenutiful sik shawl over her rough | ered figure of an old man. This fellow ciothing was running toward the hut. approached the table furtive eyed on Sither Hirs in time to see the taxious | Another murderous thief was lying on | Blyc's invitation, and they all mumwhire away with beautiful June, the ground, aways the change from bled together for awhile in low voices. Through his powerful himsenfars Ned the open water there came two speed. He put something in his pocket as he the man could not the reason for the June had no time to think, much less

silk hat, and the other, driven by a finished their office work, dyle, who stood up shooting two re- fast. Durban walked out toward the volvers. I fired in the air. The gigentle murderer dropped this beautiful creature, and she ran shricking to my bont, in terror not only of the desperate bandit, but of the men in the boats. Jimmy threw on full speed, and away we darted, hotly pursued by an entire bay full of shooting, gesticulating people. It was marvelous! I have never enjoyed such a mornlog!"

"You poor dear!" The artist's wife was instantly contrite. "You must be tired and cold and helf famished and frightened to death. And you're all wet? She raised June by the hand. "The Spirit of the Marsh," mused the

artist, studying June critically. Mrs. Durban's bright over sparkled back at him as she led June away to her own rooms, where she selected a negligee for her beautiful charge.

In a richly furnished office which contained no hint of business except for its telephone and the long rows of push buttons nat Gilbert Blye and Orin Constaghans and T. J. Edwards in earnest conference, Cunningham still in his evening clothes, Edwards still communicative men came in and with A fourth beat. A little French chauf- grave faces received their instructions

Heuri and Marie stood in front of a sunsage-like red mustaclie.

"Your names," he demanded. had moved, rapidly, violently. They "Volta," agreeably returned Henri. prunced between Heart and Marie. "I am-ngh?" And he lifted his foot sharply. Murie had kicked him on the winters. "He is Jules Lefon," snapped Marie.

"Neu! Nen! Nen!" indignantly obthe boat! We have returned it." Marie | jected Heart, and there enoued a vigor-ONE ETGENERAL

Murie. Up on the street, in the shelfer "What's the charge?" noked the deak

he can Henri conched in his pocket for "Surpling a boat." This hourse ina key. Behind them came pounding the formation came from the overcost and

watchman's whistle through the silt in "I don't how about the Frenchman." the collar. The fugitive from justice, whispered the phenomenally long poeasily outdistancing the heavy rubber liceman in the sergeant's red ear, "but lesses, gained the car. With a bow the girl seems to be all right. She

waddled through the door just back of "You're under arrest!" And an fron- him. He was gone long, ellent minlike middle flager thumped Heart on uses, but when he came back his brow "Arrest, M. Officer?" cried Henri, maneut corrugations, "So you're a ... Impossible." And he made another friend of Dowd and Moran and O'Toole effort to start his engine. "Look, the and that bunch" he thundered at the aur Rose Hesper! Lock 'em up!"

"Flux, monojeur, it is all a mistake!"

modulity by not "Do you know Other O'Toole?" And distinctly audible throughout the little with frosty mist on its storepipe, and a also because high up into the selemn room, but it had its effect. Heari at very much begrined lady with a long policeman's face. last had the hint, and he shut his tips none and high arched brows landed and rightly together beneath his tiny mus. Went away without a word, pausing "Listen, M. Officer, eh?" broke in tuche as he and Murie, to the interme stratification of the exercent and cap, at the well known and justly famous Murie had furtively blessed him an were led away and looked in their re- private detective, Bill Welf, That short,

"Get it! He says be took the best" | titled up to be their nest Ned say in This was from the rep and the over | consultation with June's fittler and "Take been slong?" runtled the cup June's boson friend, Iris, and the three detectives. On the floor by Mrs. "I guess I'll have to take you," the Moore's feet by June's bundsome colefficer said regretfully. "Will you lie Bouncer, but at the first mention of walk or will you ride? It's only up a like intercest name he was up and barking loudly. "Your wife's dog?" said the chief of

that in the lay a steam yawi, its stovetipe cold, was being towed majessically in he a rowbort, at the cars of which ant a thin whiskered fisherman and a boy with cracket knuckles and a short, thick men, whose fece was one outlineous retary smudge. This monwas Bill Welf, and through his smudge were already streaking rivalets of hos est tell. On board the yawl and orging her crew with helpful voices and gesture was Reports Blye, cluders in her high arched brown, cluders in her darks. ened hair and cinders in her disposi-

How cheerful was the blazing fire as June recitized in the inglenook, a cup of hat coffee on a taboret by her side and a comfortable drowsiness stealing over her! She did not know how pretty she was in the filmy negligee, but Rennett and Vivian Durban did as disreputable." Mrs. Durban was studywhich was their favorite breakfast place, and turned pleased eyes upon their beautiful guest.

Their pleasure in June, however, was scurcely equal to the charming picture of domesticity which they afforded June. It was which pleasant companonship that she had expected to enjoy with Ned. just they two alone. But that tete-a-tete breakfast was yet to come. How long must it be to the end of that separation which had begon on their wedding day, begon in only a few decting hours after their murriage? The happiness had lasted ealy through the going away amid a shower of rice and through those first blissful moments alone in the Pullman white ribboned luggage.

In the richly furnished office one after another of the silent, grave faced, stealthily moving men came in and gave their low voiced reports to the

round headed man, carried a dark. A butler brought in the mail to the bandsome fellow with a black Van- Durbans as they finished their break-



"A deed to this house!" she cried. earden. He seemed anxious to conceal something. His wife followed. Durban opened a long envelope with an expectant smile and took from it a folded document

"My dear"-his voice ribrated with pleasure-"can't keep my secret. Toorrow is the fourth anniversary of our wedding, and here is my gift in commemoration of that happy event." Her eyes shining, the woman took the document and opened it.

"A deed to this house!" she cried. "And all that it centains," laughed "Hooray" On his side Henri jerked | "And I am Hose Hesper," calmly her husband, "everything, including mywelf."

There was an excinmation of delight. The woman bissed him again and again and called him a dear boy and a good boy and the best husband in the world. June, who had awakened and followed them, drew back, so they would not know that she had heard, but she was glad for once to have been an unwitting eavesdropper, glad to have shared in this jeyous moment.

#### CHAPTER III

OWN at the dock Ned Warner's detectives appeared, and Bouncer, picking up the trail at the landing, ran excitedly up to the street at the point where June and Bennett Durban had taken the taxi. Bouncer began to go round and round in widening circles, whining, his nose se to the ground. The trail was lost, backless Marie. "Well, I telephoned as they had known that trall would be "He you know Officer Dowd?" asked 'ten all, and not a one of 'em knows and from here the detectives actitered, seeking everywhere in their own methods for a clew to the whereabouts of the cried the pseudo Jules Lafon. "Made. Junaway bride. As they left the vicinify a rowboat pulled slowly up to the Crack! That kick on the ship was dock, dragging belond it a steam yawl only to cast a look of withering scorn thick individual, with much puffing exertion, wrambled up and renewed the tion of his sleeve and awore profusely; then he, roo, stomped away.

Buye and Edwards and Cunningham in a luxurious limousine stopped at a house, where they were ushered into a gay parlor. A large blond woman came in to greet the callers, and to her Blye showed the picture in the watch. She waghed and nodded her head

Ullbert Hire gravely left Mrs. Bus-

In the high cellinged studio June quietly watched Bennett Durban walking about with a perplexed air. I can't find my brushes, Vivi." he

blurted as his wife came in "It will be the essiest thing in the world from now on, Bennett," she informed him and showed him the box at the side of the big easel.

He sinred at her in surprise. "Good scheme," he granted, looking down at the brushes, and then he laughed. "However, I suppose I'll have them scattered all over the place again by tomorrow."

"Ob, no. Bennett," she returned. "I'd rather you'd keep them here, please. I don't like my house all cluttered up." "I don't believe I can paint if I don't

have to find my favorite brush behind something or other," he confessed. "Why, where's my good old chaise "I had it taken out. It was so very

they sat at the little studio table, ing the room with haughty severity. "I want my house to represent me." The young butler came in, dragging a tall stepindder.

"What are you going to do, Oscar?" inquired Durban sharply. "I am to remove these tapestries

sir," he reported, setting his ladder up by the side of one of them, "The dickens you are?" exclaimed Durben in surprise. "Get out!"

"It was madam's orders, sir." "Oh!" Durban looked at his wife

"You may take them down, Oscar," said Mrs. Durban quietly, and both the artist and his wife were silent while the topestries were removed. "Vivi, I don't understand," puzzled her basband. "I don't see why you'd

remove important things without consulting me." And be glanced at June. who had returned to the house to resume her nap. Her eyes were closed, although she was not sleeping. The woman's chin went up. "Bennett, dear, this is my house."

"Oh, yes, yes, to be sure!" He walked very quietly beck to his big canvas and studied it for a long time without secing it at all. June was not only shocked, but filled

warmer new live geneticulating with hearts, one driven by a man with a went out, and he left the three men astounding change in the woman. The protest. He half led, half pulled, her 3rd precinc sugar, new the hearty, round hearts, in arching clothes and a laughing Tony past to go. They had

transformed her entire nature, had given her a disay haughtiness, had twisted her view until she placed au utterly false valuation upon herself and upon everything around her.

Money again! Always money! Mrs. Durban's attitude had been made in her by centuries of feminine submission. The mothers who had gone before had built this warped and distorted ego. In all the ages gone the man had owned all and the woman nothing. She had been the creature of his fancy, the slave of his whim, the recipient of his bounty.

Officer Dowd walked into the police station just as the desk sergeant with the sausage shaped red mustache gave way to one with a blue eve and a bine chin, and the new incumbent greeted Officer Dowd with effusive cordiality. "What's bringing you into my dis-

trict? Or are you off duty?" "Dan, you got a girl here by the name of Rose Hesper that claims to know me, and I just dropped in to mug "You can look them all over if you've

time." granted the sergeant, and Dowd walked back into the cell room. "Rose Hesper's in cell 5."

"Why, hello, Marie!" exclaimed Dowd. "What you in for?" Marie looked up with a jerk

"There's a little friend of mine here, too," she explained. "Ye was all a mistake. I'm in an awful hurry. "Wait a minute." And Officer Dowd

you got the wrong parties," he an nounced. "What's against my friend, Rose Hesper ?" "Copping a motorboat last night," said the sergeant, looking at the blot-

stalked out to the desk. "Well, Dan,

promptly. "I was with Rose Hesper myself last night, her and her little friend, and we didn't leave the cafe till

nearly daybreak." The sergeant made an entry on the blotter. "I'll tell that dock watchman it's ar

milibit." "Will he stand for it?" Dowd asked. "If he don't we'll push him off the

Joe, bring out 5 and 17." Five was out first and displayed her friendly smile.

Where's your little friend?" asked Officer Dowd, waiting and glancing past a dejected looking little chauffeur

through the cell room door. "That's him," and Marie introduced

The big policeman and the little chauffeur glared at each other a mo-



Faint, Dazed, Scarce Knowing What She Did, June Slipped Out of the House.

ment, while the cheek bones of Marie grew red with pleasure.

Henri looked about him wistfully. "I am happy that I have met you, M. Dowd." He bowed politely. "Now we go, Mile, Marle "

Marie displayed her friendly smile to Henri and then to Officer Dowd. "Won't you come with us?" she inquired.

"You'll come with me!" he blurted and grabbed her by the arm. Rull Wolf called up Honoria Blve

"Got him!" he triumphantly yelled. of work. I sleuthed the other party's | and into the street. detectives. They got the girl's dog. and they've spotted your husband's Biakely building and Fil lead you to

At the same moment Ned's detectives were telephoning the same in peering intently ahead. From the opformation to the anxious group in the Warner apartments.

"Didn't I tell you we'd find a clew?" exclaimed Iris Blethering and sebbed to relieve her feelings. The little runaway bride was a pic-

ture which would have held the eye of any artist as she lay asleep in the inglenook with the flare of the flames dancing about her. The dimy negligee had slipped from one shoulder, and her pretty head, with the wavy hair rippling back from her brow, rested upon a tapering white arm. She suddenly awoke under Durban's gase and drew the negliges in place.
"You've spoiled it!" cried Durban

"My Spirit of the Marsh! Come here!" He caught her hand and raised her. He led her, bewildered, before the big canvas, where, crudely indicated by a few rough strokes of the crayon, the "Spirit of the Marsh" bovered over "You must be my model!" he excit-

edly informed her. "I will pay you any price you wish. Here is some money in advance." And, jerking a wad of loose bills from his pocket, he thrust them in her hand, "New stand here." He was so quick, so energetic, with compassion. She understood as so fired with impatient fervor, that



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the Central Trust and Savings Bank has stood for the best in financial matters. Its wonderful strength, its fair dealings with its patrons, its attitude toward the public, have been big factors in its growth.

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H. E. Casteel, President. M. S. Heagy, Vice-President. H. B. Simmon, Cash.

"Wrong party," returned Dowd SOUTHWEST CORNER SECOND A VENUE AND EIGHTEENTH ST.



dock," calmiy stated the sergeant. shoved into position. He caught up a sharp knife. It would not do. He ran Ninth street. to a workbasket in the elcove and brought back a long pair of shears and house, with one clip slit the filmy negligee at the shoulder.

At that moment the portieres oppositore, Eleventh avenue and Fifteenth with a tiny mustache who came site the big canvas opened for enough street to reveal the dark, handsome face of the black Vandyked Gilbert Blye.

Toward the Durban house there dashed two automobiles, the electric of Honoria Blye and the Moore family car, with the parents and husband of June and her bosom friend, Iris Blethering, and Bobbte.

Marie and Officer Dowd were sud-

denly interrupted in their leisurely stroll by a loud yelp, and a white and street. brown streak threw itself against Marie. Bouncer! He barked, he circled. he ran up the street a little way, ran back and darted off again.

"Miss Junie!" oried Marie, and, clutching Officer Dowd by the sleeve. she ran up the street after the dog. Vivian Durban, her chin tilted, her face serene, her step deliberate and leisurely, came into her studio. Whatever she had been about to say froze

on her lips as she saw the tableau be-

fore the canvas. The exquisitely

molded runaway bride, draped like the Spirit of the Marsh, stood upon the "Oh:" The word was a shrick. VIvian Durban rushed down the length of the studio, towering with rage. "So the Fourteenth judicial circuit of Hil-

"Vivi!" protested the artist. ocreamed at June, her fingers working three candidates for circuit judge to convulsively. "Out of my house this be voted for at the election to be held

frightened June. "Here!" Bennett Durban caught his wife's arm and held her back.

She stopped, and slowly her chin went up. She turned on him coldly. stantly-or you go! This is my house!" With a low cry June had darted tion as follows: across the studio, clasping her gauzy draperies about her as best she could. In the hall she turned to dart up the stairs, where her clothes had been left. "Out of my house!" sternly called the woman, and as June stopped, bewildered, half crazed, the front door was opened by the smirking butler, whose

furtive eye leered at her. Faint, dazed, scarce knowing what she did. June, draped as the Spirit of "Say, listen. I just done a fine piece the Marsh, slipped out of the house

The artist and his wife went to the porch and watched the girl flutter limousine. Join me in front of the away. The woman turned to Durban "Yon're in leve with her," she snapped Around the corner, two blocks away. tore the Moore car, with Ned Warner posite direction came Honoria Blve's electric. In front of the Durban door

> stood a luxurious limousine with the black shades drawn. Glibert Blye's. As June dashed down the steps the door of the car opened and the white mustached Orin Cunningham sprang out and caught June by the wrist. Apother figure sped from the Durban door, close upon the beautiful Spirit of the Marsh. It was Gilbert Blye, and he held outstretched a voluminous

(To be Continued Next Saturday.)

### ELECTION NOTICE.

Township Election. Notice is hereby given that on the

6th day of April, A. D. 1915, an elec R. I. 981. tion will be held in the township of Rock Island, for the election of the Fashion Scop, Harper house block. following township officers, to-wit:

Five Assistant Supervisors. One Justice of the Peace (to fill va-

The places for registration and voting will be as follows: 1st precinct-Barber shop at 413

Fourth avenue. 2nd precinct-Malwald's Grocery, land, Ill., on Monday, April 12, 1915, 701 Ninth avenue. 3rd precinct-Tailor shop, 1014 m.

13th precinct-709 Twenty-seventh 14th precinct-631 Thirty-eighth 15th precinct-Peterson's carpenter

shop, 510 Forty-fifth street.

street

823 Twentieth street.

16th precinct-1340 Thirty-eighth street. 17th precinct-1334 Thirtieth street. Polls open election day from seven (7) o'clock in the morning until five

4th precinct-Stringer building, 924

5th precinct-East door of the court

6th precinct-1440 Seventh avenue.

7th precinct - Ullemeyer's drug

8th precinct-325 Nineteenth street.

9th precinct-Trinity Parish house,

10th precinct-527. Twenty-second

11th precinct-Schmid's grocery,

12th precinct - 610 Twenty-sith

Nineteenth street and Sixth avenue.

(5) o'clock in the evening. Dated at Rock Island this 12th day of March, 1915. W. A. FREWERT. Town Clerk.

Call for Democratic Judicial Convenof the democrats of that's it!" she cried. "That's why you nots is called to assemble at the court house in the city of Rock Island, Thursday, April 8, 1915, at 1 o'clock "Out of my house!" the woman p. m., for the purpose of nominating

minute!" And she started toward the June 7, 1915. The basis of representation in said convention shall be one delegate for every 200 votes or major fraction didate for president in 1912, which will "Either that creature leaves goes in | entitle each of the various counties to representation in said judicial conven-

> Rock Island county .. 3,997 Henry county ..... 2,219 Whiteside county ..... 1,896 1.602 The method of selecting delegates to said judicial convention shall be in

> spective county committees shall determine: By the respective democratic committees in any or all of the several

> any of the following forms as the re-

counties. By mass convention.

By delegate convention, T. A. PENDER. Chairman Democratic County Committee, Rock Island County A. E. BERGLAND,

Chairman Democratic County Committee, Henry County. G. C. BOWERS, Chairman Democratic County Committee, Mercer County.

J. H. DALEY, Chairman Democratic County Committee, Whiteside County. Dated at Rock Island, Ill., March 29,

## CITY CHAT

(Advertisements.) For express, call William Trefs. Tri-City Towel Supply company. Independent Express & Storage.

Wear a \$2 (union made) hat Men's

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Rock Island Savings bank for the election of nine (9) directors for one year will be held at the banking office of said Rock Island Savings bank in the city of Rock Isbetween the hours of 10 s. m. and 12 m. A. J. LINDSTROM, Cashier.

Rock Island, Ill., April & 1915.—Adv.